The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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If.

IF I were a school-teacher like Miss Snapp,
And she were a scholar like me,
O gracious, what lessons I'd give her to learn,
What sums in the Rule of Three!

And how, if she didn't forever behave
In just the most saintly of ways,
Her ears should be slapped and her buns locked up,
Her recess witheld for days!

If I were as clever as Laura Sharp,
And she were as stupid as I,
What thorough delight it would give me to act
As monitor, meddler, and spy!

And how I should tattle of all that she did,
In Laura's contemptible style,
And smile when she blundered in spelling or French,
That horrid, unmerciful smile!

If I were a beauty like Rosa Bell,
And she were a fright like myself,
What saucy remarks I should constantly make
To vex her,—the proud little elf!

What fun I should poke at her freckles, her nose,
Her elbows, her knuckles, her hair,
And all with that delicate titter of hers,
That stingingly lady-like air!

But then I am merely supposing, of course,
Impossible things. Who can tell
What truly would happen if truly I were
Miss Snapp, Laura Sharp, Rosa Bell?

Perhaps I should pity (revenge is so mean!)
And help them and love them, all three,
And do unto others as I myself would
That others should do unto me!

Edgar Fawcett.

THEY thought I couldn't make a speech
I'm such a little tot!
I'll show them whether I can do
A thing or two, or not.

Don't be afraid to fight the wrong,
Or stand up for the right—
And when you've nothing else to say,
Be sure you say,—"good night."

For the Myrtle.

A Short Lesson in Politeness.

A WORD of politeness! How quickly spoken, yet how long remembered. A few weeks after the great fire in Boston, a young lady might have been seen hurrying through one of the crowded streets upon a shopping expedition. Evidently she was not very successful in making her purchases, as had any one taken the pains to observe her face they would have discovered a very unamiable expression thereon. Perhaps, however, it was owing to the cold wind which was blowing briskly from the northeast. It was nearly noon and she stopped at a corner to take a car for another part of the city. While standing there one of the many workmen engaged in carting the debris from the burnt district, drove his horse and cart up to the curb-stone, and leaping to the ground stepped into an adjoining eating-house. He returned in a few moments, and as he sprang into his cart accidentally dropped his leather glove. The young lady saw it fall but looking at him a moment said to herself "He's nothing but a workman, I won't pick it up." In a moment, however, a better feeling seemed to predominate, and stepping forward she picked up the glove, and hurrying after the disappearing cart soon reached and handed to the owner his already missing property.

The grateful look, and hearty "thank you," she

received, fully repaid her for her little act of kindness. As she retraced her steps she found herself thinking, "Who taught that great coarse man to say 'thank you.'"

Ah! could she have looked back many years she would have seen an honest German mother, and in place of the rough-looking man, a curly-headed boy. The mother took in washing, and one day on her return from carrying home a washing the child said, "What makes you look so happy, mother?"

"A little word of politeness, my boy. I set my basket down a moment to rest my arms, when a young man hastening along, pushed it from the door-stone upon which it was standing. Fortunately he did no harm, and he said, "Do pray excuse me," so heartily, it did me good. It was a little thing, but, my child, let it be a lesson to you. When with your mate remember a gentle word often checks many angry feelings, and it costs nothing." The lesson was remembered; and on this cold winter's day, the simple "thank you" of the hard working man stirred the better thoughts of the young woman. When a few moments after she entered a store to match some article of dress, not being successful, instead of the impatient exclamation of "Oh dear! I never can find anything I want," which she had used on a like occasion during the morning, she said, "I am really sorry to have troubled you but it will not answer my purpose."

The tired look she had noticed on the young man's face seemed to disappear, and as she walked from the store she thought she would never again be guilty of the impatience she had shown in the morning.

Let the little word of politeness be remembered by all of us, older, as well as younger. For I have seen handsomely dressed ladies go into a store and treat a clerk with such marked rudeness that I have wondered much at the patience of the latter. We consider them servants of the public, in one sense, but it is none the less reason why they should not be treated with consideration and respect on our part.

M. L. H.

TRUE philosophy consists in doing all the good that we can, in learning all the good we can, in teaching to others all the good we can, in bearing, to the best of our ability, the various ills of life, and in enjoying with gratitude every honest pleasure that comes in our way.

A Runaway Pie.

You wouldn't think a pie could run away. But it did, so that none of us could find it that night. To be sure, it was a chicken-pie, and had six legs of its own; but it did not use any of them, for they were all safely tucked under the brown crust. But I'll tell you how it was.

I was living with my grandmother, away up in the northern part of New York State, where the snow lies four or five feet deep all winter. For days and days Grandma and Joanna had been desperately busy with flour and eggs and butter and lard. And, at last, when results began to appear in the shape of piles of crisp doughnuts, rows of mince pies, and loaves of cake, I found out that all this was preparation to visit Aunt Emma.

"Why, don't Aunt Emma have anything to eat?" I asked, in horror, when Grandma told me that.

"Of course, she does," said Grandma.

"But we're going to surprise her, and we don't wan't her to spend the time of our visit in cooking. Her family is so small that she won't be prepared for four extra."

The last morning a large turkey was roasted to a golden brown, and the famous runaway pie made in a big, yellow dish. After dinner, Uncle John drove up with the big sleigh, and he and Grandma prepared to pack in the things.

The sleigh was not one of the new-fangled sort, with barely room for the feet. No, indeed! It was one of the old-fashioned, generous kind, with boxes under the seats and all sorts of stowing places.

After every nook was packed full, there still remained the chicken-pie.

"Oh! let me carry it. Please do, Grandma. I'll be very careful. Besides, I have no muff, and it'll keep my hands warm." For it had not been out of the oven long when Joanna tied it up in its brown paper cover.

At last she consented, and we all packed in—Grandma and I, with the precious pie, on the back seat, and Aunt Helen and Uncle John on the front seat. Warm rolls and hot planks there were in plenty, for a sleigh-ride of fifteen miles in a winter afternoon is no joke.

Well, we had a splendid ride. The horses were so gay, the road was so smooth, and everything looked so beautiful under its robe of snow. The pie kept my hands warm, and I never thought of getting tired.

Grandma and Uncle John could not agree about the road. It was a long time since they had been over it in winter, and all such insignificant things as fences were covered up with snow. Uncle John was sure he was right and Grandma was equally sure she was right. But Uncle John held the reins, so he took his road. Grandma said no more; but I saw the feeling of triumph swallow up her anxiety at being out late, as night drew on and no sign of Aunt Emma's house appeared. The roads grew narrower, and at last ran square up to a pair of bars, showing that it was merely a wood road. Even Uncle John had to own that he must have missed the road somehow.

How to get out was the question now; and turning round with two frisky horses and the road not wide enough to go ahead in, was clearly impossible, especially as the first step off the hard-beaten track would plunge the horses into a bed of soft snow nearly as high as their heads and reaching two feet below the road.

I suggested backing out. But Uncle John laughed, and said he didn't think he could back two miles. At least he decided to unhitch the horses and turn the sleigh ourselves, getting the horses past it one at a time. So Uncle John took off the horses, and we all got out and stood in the snow. But our united efforts failed to move the great sleigh, and neither of us wanted to hold those lively horses, who hardly ever had all four feet on the ground at once.

Dainty Aunt Helen said she was afraid to hold them. She knew they'd bite. But Grandma came out in all her old-fashioned dignity.

"Nonsense, Helen! How foolish you are. I'm not afraid to hold them."

So she stepped to their heads and bravely took hold of the bit; though I believe her soul quaked within her. Dear old Grandma. I shall never forget how she looked, hardly reaching their uneasy heads, and so light she would be instantly thrown down and trampled on, if they should start.

Uncle John did not feel very safe, I suspect, for he flopped that sleigh around in less than an instant, and hastened back to the horses. All was soon arranged then, and we prepared to pack in again. I turned to the bank where I had carefully deposited my precious pie, to take it up. But where was it? I could see nothing but a long dark hole.

"Oh!" I cried, "where is the pie?"

Aunt Helen came and looked; but she could find nothing. And Uncle John ran his arm as far as he could reach into the hole; but could not find the runaway.

It was getting too dark to wait any longer for "any insignificant pie," Uncle John said; though, if it was not too far from Aunt Emma's, he would come over to-morrow and dig out he dish. So, bitterly reproaching myself for being so careless, I got into the sleigh, and off we started once more.

About ten o'clock we drove up to Aunt Emma's door. Of course, being in the country, they were all abed. But they got up, made tea for Grandma and supper for the rest of us, and spent half the night in talking and visiting.

The story of the runaway pie was told; and the next day Uncle John took a whole load of children over to the wood road, and with big wooden snow shovels dug away the bank till he came to the pie, safe and sound on the ground, five or six feet from where I had set it down. The warmth of the bottom, added to its own weight, had forced a passage for itself through the snow.

It wasn't hurt a bit. And when Uncle John took a nice slice on his plate at dinner he admitted that it wasn't so very "insignificant," after all.

The Boy Who Loved to Pray.

A clergyman, visiting the cottages of the poor, met a little boy who had been taught at school the duty as well as the privilege of prayer. He said, "Do you love to pray, my little fellow?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"But in so small a house, with so large a family, when and where do you pray?"

The boy answered, "I go to bed with the others; and when they are asleep, I rise."

"But, then, you yourself must be sleepy: how do you keep awake?" asked the minister.

"I wash my hands and face from the pitcher where the cold water is kept; then I do not feel sleepy."

HOW TO OBEY.—Do it at once. Never wait to be told a second time. Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part. Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Don't fret and grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasing to God and man.

For the Myrtle.

"Such a Getting up Stairs."

"Go to bed
You sleepy head?"
I say I am not a bit.
They think I'm asleep,
If quiet I keep,
Because they're not used to it.

Every word
Of the talk I heard,—
"Why didn't I answer them
Oh, I made believe,
With my face in my sleeve,
Just to make them call again.

"Why do I go
So very slow?"
My feet are heavy, that's all.
Each step I take
—Though I'm wide awake—
They want to let me fall.

"And why don't I run
Up stairs for fun,
With a bound and bounce and leap?"
Oh, it isn't sport,
And I'm so short,
And the stairs *so* long and steep!

I've been tired for a spell,
And I don't—feel—well,—
Though I'm not asleep,—not I.
So I'll take the light
And say good night,
And to get up stairs I'll try.

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Winter.

WINTER is here again. And the boys have a "hoop and hurrah," for the grey-beard, and are glad to see him on his strong old throne again. For there comes coasting and sleighing and snowballing and skating. Then the long winter evenings with their fireside games and apples and corn-popping and nut-cracking. Then comes in the country the winter school, and the singing-school, and the evening schools, and in the city all that round of amusements that make up the gay season. Then comes Christmas and New Year with their holidays, their presents and merry-making.

All this is very delightful, and we say with the boys, hurrah for Winter! But there is another side of the picture. To the well, and strong, and happy, Winter brings a cheery though bluff greeting. But to the poor and sick and sorrowing he is a gloomy visitor.

When we think of the many laboring people thrown out of employment just as the cruel cold weather comes on, and the families that will have no money to buy food and fuel, it makes the winter seem doubly cold and cheerless.

What will the boy who has to go about and beg for work, or perhaps ask for bread to keep himself and others from suffering, care for the delights of winter, though the shouts of merry skaters be close to his ears? What will the pale sufferer in her bed, who hears the sleigh bells jingle, and sees the gaily-dressed crowds go by, know of these gay delights? She will only know that the sunshine has stolen away from her window and the balmy air is gone, and the fruits and flowers that solaced her sick-chamber appear no more. And when death comes in winter, and we carry our loved ones to their graves through the drifting snow, and returning to the empty home, can only sit by the desolate hearth-side and listen to the wailing of the cold winds,—even death, which is so sad at all seasons, is made doubly hard to bear in winter.

Shall we sadden our gay season by thinking of these things? Yes; for if we are so blest as not to have to think of them for ourselves, it will keep our hearts warm and tender to remember the sorrows of others. Even the children are not too young to learn about the dark things in

the world, in order that they may help make them brighter. We hope all children who read this, and who have learned to love God and all God's children, will make their Christmas happier by doing all the good they can; that they will remember the poor and the sick, and the sad, and by their little gifts, and kind words and love, will carry the summer's sunshine all through the heat of winter.

"I wish I could skip the winter, and jump right over into summer again," we heard some one say the other day. There is something better than to skip the winter: it is to live so busily and cheerfully and do so much good, that the winter will be made summer all the time. If it be full of the sunshine of the heart we shall hardly know that storm and cold reign in the outer world.

H. A. B.

NEVER open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter.

A Lesson Taught by My Little Boy.

"Tommy, come to mamma."

A sullen little face, with scowling brows and pouting lips, appeared at the door.

"What have you got to do?"

"I've got to stay in bed all day." And with the words Tommy jerked off his jacket and kicked one boot across the chamber floor.

"What naughty thing have you been doing?"

"Spoiling the calla lily."

The words, tone and manner of the little boy of six were so hard and defiant that a vague alarm seized me, and I said gently,

"Come here, my poor little laddie, and get in mamma's bed. You look very cold."

The downcast eyes were lifted in a strange, glad surprise, and the remaining garments were laid aside softly. Slowly, shyly and questioningly the little fellow crept in by my side and lay quite still.

"Now, Tommy, tell mamma all about it."

"I only just pinched the littlest leaf. I wanted to see what it was rolled up so tight for. There's ever so many more."

"Yes, Tommy, but no more like this one. All the year you have seen these little rolls unfold into broad, glossy, green leaves; but this one, Tommy, was a bud. If you had watched without touching it, you would have seen it grow larger and larger in color, until some bright morning you would have run down stairs, to shout and clap your little hands over the most beautiful flower you ever beheld. It would have looked up lovingly into your face from its heart of gold, and its pure velvet lips would have smiled on you for letting it live and bloom. I am so sorry you hurt the dear little bud, that can never be a flower.

"Can't it be mended, mamma?'

"No, dear."

"You mended the cup I broke."

"Yes, darling. A broken China cup may be made whole again; but a sweet little bud, waiting to become a rich golden flower, pinched and torn by cruel fingers, can never be restored."

"And God cannot restore it, mamma?"

The penitence, pathos and despair of the child's face were indiscribable. I drew the little form to my breast in silent awe.

"I'm most as bad as Cain, mamma," sobbing heavily.

"How is that, dear?"

"I've killed something. But, mamma, I did not mean to. I didn't know I was hurting the little bud. I'll never touch a plant again—only look at it, mamma, and love it, and wait for the morning, when it'll be a great, beautiful flower."

Precious little teacher! What a lesson for mothers! In the hurry and worry of this toiling, moiling, world, are we not in momentary danger, as we walk in the garden of our homes, of pinching, if not killing something? Think of the tragedy it would be if, through our haste and heedlessness, we should crush and destroy the bud of tenderness—so full and bursting in the heart of a child—and give to society a callous, unfeeling man or woman! There are such in every community. Did the good God, whose name is Love, make them so? Who, then, is the wretched culprit? And where shall he or she be found when the Lord of the Garden shall demand the full and glorious flower which was to have been developed and perfected from the sweet little bud given into the bosom of father and mother.

Our Baby.

DID you ever see our baby,—
Little Tot,—
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily-white,
[Lips and cheeks of rosy light?
Tell you what:
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah; she is our only darling;
And to me
All her ways are witty,
When she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be:
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so: you ne'er saw her.
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a-chattering;
Little dancing feet come pattering,
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do,
If you could.

Every mother's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing,
As my rose.
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close!

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

—Judge Job Prince of Turner, recently surprised the Sunday School in that place by a gift of thirty very excellent books, selected by Rev. W. R. French of Brunswick. The library now numbers about eight hundred well-selected volumes.

—The Sunday School at Bangor is holding a series of monthly concerts that are very successful. Readings for the benefit of the treasury have been given by Miss Annie E. Bliss, and Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble, Superintendent of the Sunday School at Chester Vt. Mrs. Noble is a fine elocutionist, and is especially intrresting in an entertainment of this character.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—The programme for the Sunday School Institute to be held at Nashua, Dec. 9 and 10, is as follows:

Tuesday evening Dr. Eben Tourjee will give an address on Sunday Music and open the Institute with a Praise Meeting. The Essays will be followed by questions and discussions.

Wednesday A. M. at 8 1-2 o'clock a Conference Meeting at which Rev. F. Maguire. of Fitchburg, will preside.

During Wednesday the following topics will be considered—"The best Method of presenting the Bible to Children," by Rev. W. T. Stowe, of Charlestown.

"Teaching Demonstrated," by Mrs. H. A. Bingham, Boston.

"How To Bring Children into the Church," Rev. Geo. W. Perry, of Lawrence.

"Childhood, the Text Book of the Age," by Rev. W. F. Crafts, of Haverhill, Mass.

Wednesday evening an address by Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles, of Salem on "The Bible Illustrated by Nature."

Clergymen, Superintendents, Teachers, and all interested in Sunday School work, are cordially invited by the friends at Nashua to be present and enjoy the meetings and the hospitality of their homes.

—At Marlboro, where Rev. R. T. Sawyer has recently settled there is a thriving Sunday School, using the *Helper* lessons, and holding teachers' meetings weekly.

PENNSYLVANIA.

—Rev. J. M. Getchell, of Girard, writes the *Star*: "I think our cause is on the increase here. A good degree of interest is manifested; Sunday School is growing, and the ladies connected with the Society active. I have no reason for fault finding during my short labors here. We had a 'New England Supper' on Thanksgiving Eve, and the ladies are already at work preparing for a fair during the holidays."

A Sunday School has been organized by our Society in Scranton, under very favorable auspices. The Secretary in ordering, at the suggestion of the pastor, Rev. A. A. Thayer, twenty-five copies of the *Guiding Star*, says, "We hope to more than double this number in a short time."

OHIO.

—The movement to build up our cause in the little village of Harrison is moving steadily along. The Sunday School, which was organized last April, continues to grow in numbers and usefulness. Both School and Society meet every Sunday in a hall, and on days when no minister is present some one of the friends reads a sermon.

—The Anniversary of the Sunday School in Akron was a highly interesting affair. After those exercises were over, the church remained for the service of the communion, when thirteen members were added to the church.

KANSAS.

A Universalist Sunday School has been organized at Enterprise.

Sunday School Music.

We find the following excellent remarks in a chapter on the music of Sunday Schools, written by the senior editor of the *Sunday School Times*. They are in his book "The Sunday School Idea" which all teachers and Superintendents would do well to read:

All children love music, and almost all children love to sing. This instinctive desire has been wisely used in aid of religion, and especially in aid of the Sunday School. Singing makes the school attractive. In many districts children are literally sung into the school by hundreds. Music is made also the vehicle of direct religious teaching and impression. The words sung ought always to convey, and usually do convey, important and weighty truths, and these truths thus find a lodgment in the mind. Sacred song also is expressive of emotion. The child in singing gives by his voice expression to this emotion, and the mere act of giving it expression reacts upon the mind itself just as a man in uttering the strong language of scorn works himself gradually into the feeling of scorn. In every view of the subject, therefore, I cannot but regard with interest and hope the very general attention that is now paid to singing in our Sunday Schools. Music-books for this special purpose have been greatly multiplied, and though there is necessarily much difference in these books as to merit, I have never seen one that did not contain some sweet and beautiful tunes. These facts are of good omen. They ought to encourage the Sunday School laborer and make him hopeful.

In teaching children in the Sunday School to sing, there are some common-sense rules to be observed. First of all, the pieces selected should not contain anything light, irreverent or vulgar, either in the words themselves or in their associations. I have heard not a few pieces sung in Sunday School that savored very decidedly of the circus and the negro minstrels. The argument for it with the superintendent was that it seemed to captivate the children. There was a stir and a movement about it which was pleasing, and the children sang it with a will. The argument would be just as good for introducing a game of base-ball or of marbles into the Sunday School; no doubt the children would go at it with a rush. I go as far as any one for pleasing the children. There is no use of trying to sing anything in school unless the children are pleased with it. But that is no reason for singing there anything they like. The thing sung must be devout, religious and elevating in its character. This is indispensable.

But it by no means follows that either the words or the tune should be glum and chilling. On the contrary, our second rule is that the prevailing tone both of the words and the music intended for the Sunday School should be of a cheerful and buoyant character. There must be life and movement about it. Expressions of gladness and exhilaration, of joy and hope, of love and desire, always take with the children Softness and gentleness in music are qualities that always please the little ones. These qualities also have a fine effect upon the order of the school, soothing asperities, quieting the tendency to noise and producing in some indescribable way a feeling of contentedness.

—Look for a Christmas Number next week.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXIX.—PAUL.

Question. — To what place did the believers in Thessalonica, send Paul and Silas, to escape the violent persecution against them in their city?

Answer. — Acts xvii. 10.

Q. — At what time did they send them?

A. — Acts xvii. 10.

Q. —To what place did the missionaries go upon their arrival at Berea?

A. — Acts xvii. 11.

Q. — In what respect did the Jews of Berea differ from those of Thessalonica?

A. — Acts xvii. 11.

Q. — Why were they more noble?

A. — Acts xvii. 11.

Q. — How diligently did they search the Scriptures?

A. — Acts xvii. 11.

NOTE. They Searched the scriptures to see if they contained St. Paul's doctrine that the Christ was to die and rise again, and draw all men unto himself.

Q. — What was the result of this diligent search of the scriptures?

A. — Acts xvii. 12.

Q. — What was the character of the converts?

A. — Acts xvii. 12.

NOTE. By "honorable women" is meant women whose husbands occupied official positions. The Greeks, of course, were converts from the Gentile portion of men.

Q. — When the Jews at Thessalonica heard of St Paul's success in Berea, what did they do?

A. — Acts xvii. 13.

NOTE. The Jews wished to confine the love of God to themselves, and they were provoked when Paul taught and proved that God loved all men and had sent Christ to save them.

Q. — What did the believers do with Paul?

A. — Acts xvii. 14.

Q. — What did Silas and Timothy do?

A. — Acts xvii. 14.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1

The first letters of these answers combined,
A saying of Christ will bring to the mind.
The last letters of these answers combined,
A declaration of Christ will suggest to the mind.

1. Ezekiel's father.
2. One of the seven churches in Asia.
3. One of Joseph's sons.
4. Despised and mocked Nehemiah.
5. Gave birth to the promised heir,
6. Mother of Seth.
7. The personification of evil.
8. Father of Jonah.
9. Part of a ship.
10. Father of Methuselah.
11. A kind of fish.
12. A river of China.
13. Is what a fairy is sometimes called.
14. An herb.
15. One whom ravens fed.
16. A garden utensil.
17. An unclean bird.
18. A territory in the United States.
19. Is worn in winter.
20. A river in Europe.
21. A title of Jesus.

Enigma. No. 2.

My first is the initial of a cape in New Jersey.
My second, of a country in Europe.
My third, of a river in Africa.
My fourth, of a territory in the United States.
My fifth, of a great lake.
My sixth, of a river in France.
My seventh, of a river in Equador.
My eighth, of a country in Europe.
My ninth, of the largest island known.
My whole is one of the United States.

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